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Will't bring us back the millions which are swallow'd
In all the wild-goose projects we have follow'd?
Will it atone for blood profusely shed?
Or raise our slaughtered kinsmen from the dead?
Is't not a dream, a fiction and a tale,
Same as a tub thrown out—t'amuse the whale,
A scheme contrived by knaves, with view infernal,
Which clearly tends to have perpetuated,
These dreadful evils by themselves created,—
Confusion, anarchy, and war eternal.
Who does not see its end, is a mere gull,
A pillaged—moon-struck calf like Johnny Bull.

Edentecullo, 4th September, 1809. CALDERONE.

Addition to the above.

But why thus serious on so gay a matter?
Better by far to join the loyal clatter.
See Doodle and great Noodle both advance,
Singing our triumphs over conquered France,
Subdued upon the plains of Talavara.
See a black band led on by big O'Meara,
Join them and all the other shouting fellows,
For Royalty to make a *noise* quite *zealous*;
See all in chorus, grand, full and *sonorious*,
Chant out glad paeans to the day so glorious,
And sing this song composed by inspiration,
To show the loyal feelings of the Nation.

SONG.*

"*Doodle.* Sure such a day,
So renown'd, so victorious,
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uprorious,
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

Noodle. Duke to his Poll,
Is grown bobbish and uxorious,
While she and Mistress Carey tipple talking tawdry,
Even Mr. Sol, so tifted out, so glorious,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

Doodle. O 'tis a day of Jubilee cajolery,
A day we never saw before,
A day of fun and drollery.

Grand chorus. That you may say,
Their Majesties may boast of it,
And since it never can come more,
'Tis fit we make the *most* of it."

*Tragedy of Thumb, Act 1st.

A WISH, BY D. A.

THO' time has not sprinkled his frost on my head,
Yet some of its blossoming honours are shed,
And I hope I remember without being told,
That if I live long enough, I must grow old.

So let me sit down in a humour for musing,
Since nothing is easier than wishing and chusing,
And gravely consider what life I'd commence,
Should I reach out the distance of twenty years hence.

The young ones swarm'd out, and all likely to thrive,
And something still left to support the old hive,
I'd retire with my dame to a vill of my own,
Where we'd nestle together like Darby and Joan.

On the slope of a hill-top be plac'd my retreat,
With a wood on the back, and a stream at the feet,
At the front be a meadow, rich, verdant, and gay,
Where my horse, and a cow may find pasture and hay,

A garden, besure, I cannot be without,
With walks and high hedges well fenced about,
All blushing with fruit, and all fragrant with flowers,
With dry gravel walks, and sweet shady bow'rs.

O sweet sensibility, child of my soul,
Ill purchas'd the wisdom which thee must control,
Of thy friendly spirit when once we're bereft,
In life there is nothing worth living for left.

Then let it be ever the chief of my art,
To foster a generous glow in my heart,
Give way to effusions of friendship and love,
Nor the palsy of age these passions remove.

My boys and their spouses, my girl and her mate,
Shall come when they please, nor need knock at my gate;
And at Christmas we'll revel in mirth and good cheer,
Should we live poorer for it the rest of the year.

An old friend from the town shall sometimes take a walk,
To spend a day with me in sociable talk,
We'll discuss knotty points, compare what we've read,
And warm'd with a bottle move slowly to bed.

When ev'nings grow long, and we're glooiny at home,
To vary the scene, 'mong our neighbours we'll roam,
See how the world passes, collect all the news,
And return with a load of new works, and reviews.

In short its the sum of my wish and desire
That chearfulness ever my breast may inspire,
Let my purse become light and my liquor run dry,
So my stock of good humour held out till I die.

I have nothing to ask in the finishing scene,
But a conscience approving, a bosom serene,
To rise from Life's banquet, a satisfy'd guest,
Thank the Lord of the feast, and in hope, go to rest.

"I HAVE A HOME."

"I have a Home," delightful sound!
It makes my heart with joy rebound,
From Friendship's lips the words I hear,
They reach my heart and centre there.

"I have a Home,"—some potent spell
Must surely in the numbers dwell:
Sweet as the music of the grove,
And charming as the voice of Love.

"I have a Home," 'tis bliss to hear,
For peace and comfort wait me here:
Joys that oppression cannot know,
Pleasures that leave no taint of woe.

"I have a Home" and dwell in peace,
Each jarring thought has learned to cease,
No discord vain my calm annoys,
Or checks the current of my joys.

"I have a Home," no stranger there,
With fraud or guile may interfere,
No envious tongue create a sigh,
Or there my privilege deny.

"I have a home," and round my head,
Though many a storm its fury shed;
Yet oft this thought inspired relief,
And checked an agony of grief.

"I have a Home," and there I know
The raptures that from friendship flow:
The smile serene, the converse kind,
Which emanate from hearts refined.

"I have a Home," a sure retreat,
A refuge from the storms of fate,
An anchor when the waves beat high,
A covert from a lowering sky.

"I have a Home," and there I see,
A bounteous God provides for me;
I learn to feel for all who live,
And know that it is blest "to give."

"I have a Home," and there secure,
I think of many an houseless poor,
Hence soft emotions grateful rise,
Hence pity's tear bedews mine eyes.

"I have a Home," and oh! my soul,
When time shall yield his stern controul,
When ages of eternal day
Commence their never-ending sway
When all this transient scene is o'er,
When sin misleads the heart no more,
When even the purest joys below
Shall cease to charm, shall cease to flow,
Then 'midst thy awful wreck of fate
Oh! may my soul, serene, sedate,
Unmoved, tho' rent the world's vast dome,
Say, rapturous word! "I have a Home."

Dublin. M. C.

THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

STRANGE is the lot of weary, plodding man,
As through the vale of life he holds his way,
His joys are oft collected in a span,
His griefs wide-spreading like the beams of day,
And could the great Jehovah then ordain,
His fav'rite offspring thus to pine with care,
When brutes irrational content obtain,
When wide creation smiles serenely fair.
Hence impious thought! benevolence supreme,
Did ne'er create an *atomy* for wo;
Then surely *man*, elate in mind and mien,
Is formed each grand, each dear delight to know.
Yes, but so erring are our thoughtless hearts,
So wasp-like, in their nature so perverse,
That ev'ry flowry sweet which heav'n imparts,
Is changed to poison, to a sad reverse.
When spring and summer smile in loveliest bloom,
We range delighted o'er th' enchanting plains;
Where winter spreads around his awful gloom,
Our summer's pleasures form our winter's pains.
When youth and manhood drain enjoyment's bowl,
With health, content, and gaiety we roam,
When chilling age imposes stiff controul,
Our early pleasures wake the pensive moan.
When gen'rous friendship warms th' expanded breast,
Delights unknown to selfish souls we find,
Should "perfidy ingrate" should death infest,
Our past enjoyments agonize the mind.
O Mary! short and blissful was the hour,
When first thy graces thrilled my leaping heart;
Too soon we parted, but alas! thy power
I could not leave, so witching is thy art.
Again I saw, rejoiced, and loved the more,
Worth bound the noose which beauty had prepared;